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A
LETTER
FROM A
SOLDIER
IN THE
Royal Camp near Dublin
TO HIS
FRIEND in LONDON.

From the Royal Camp before Greenock, Nine Miles from Dublin, July the 4th. 1690.

Dear Cousin,

I Desire all my Friends to join with me, in returning Thanks to God, for his Preservation of me in the greatest Danger. I thank God, I am come off without a Wound, only a little Bruise, which will be well immediately. Droghedah is surrendered upon Conditions of marching out without Baggage, only to have Life. King James is run away; Dublin is in our hands; We pursued them eight miles, they making a very handsom Retreat, till night kept us from killing them, and gave them leave to retreat. Next day we rested: To day we marched to Greenock, where came to us Hundreds from Dublin, Blessing the King, telling him the Irish came by Sixes and Sevens to Dublin; some without Hats, Boots, Cloaks, Horses, Legs, and Arms: It was a sore Conflict, and our Men spared none

none they could kill; the Artillery playing hard upon them. Upon which, the *Irish* leaving *Dublin*, the Protestants seized the Castle for us; which, in comparison, a Mouse might have done, God having so possessed them with fear, that the late King *James* and all fled by Five next morning. Having run from the place, we pursued them all night, which was Twelve Miles from *Dublin*. We have now Six of King *James's* Trumpeters come in: He is quite run away, and designs for *France*: He told them, *He was unfortunate*; desires them to make the best Conditions they can for themselves, &c.

I am just going for *Dublin*, and the Army will march after. A Body of our Men marched for *Munster*. I question not being in *France* by the latter-end of *August*. Our Men are fine Fellows now they are blooded, and will out-do *Alexander's* Men: I never saw Men more boldly come on, and stand more stoutly to it than they did: They came on like Lions, and stood like Rocks. The *French* were very brisk at first.

We lost D. *Schombergh*, and some few Under-Officers, and about Fifty Men: We killed 2500 Men, and took 200 Prisoners, among whom was Lieutenant-General *Hamilton*, Lord *Carlingford*; Lord *Dungan*, dead; Lord *Slaney*, dead; *Tyrconnel* lost his Arm; with several other Officers mortally wounded, and lying in the Field, whose Names we cannot yet know.

I hope within this fortnight to send You and Cousin *Norris* good Encouragement. *Munster* will, I hope, not much trouble us; however we must see it.

Yours,

T. P.

LONDON: Printed for W. Jones 1690.